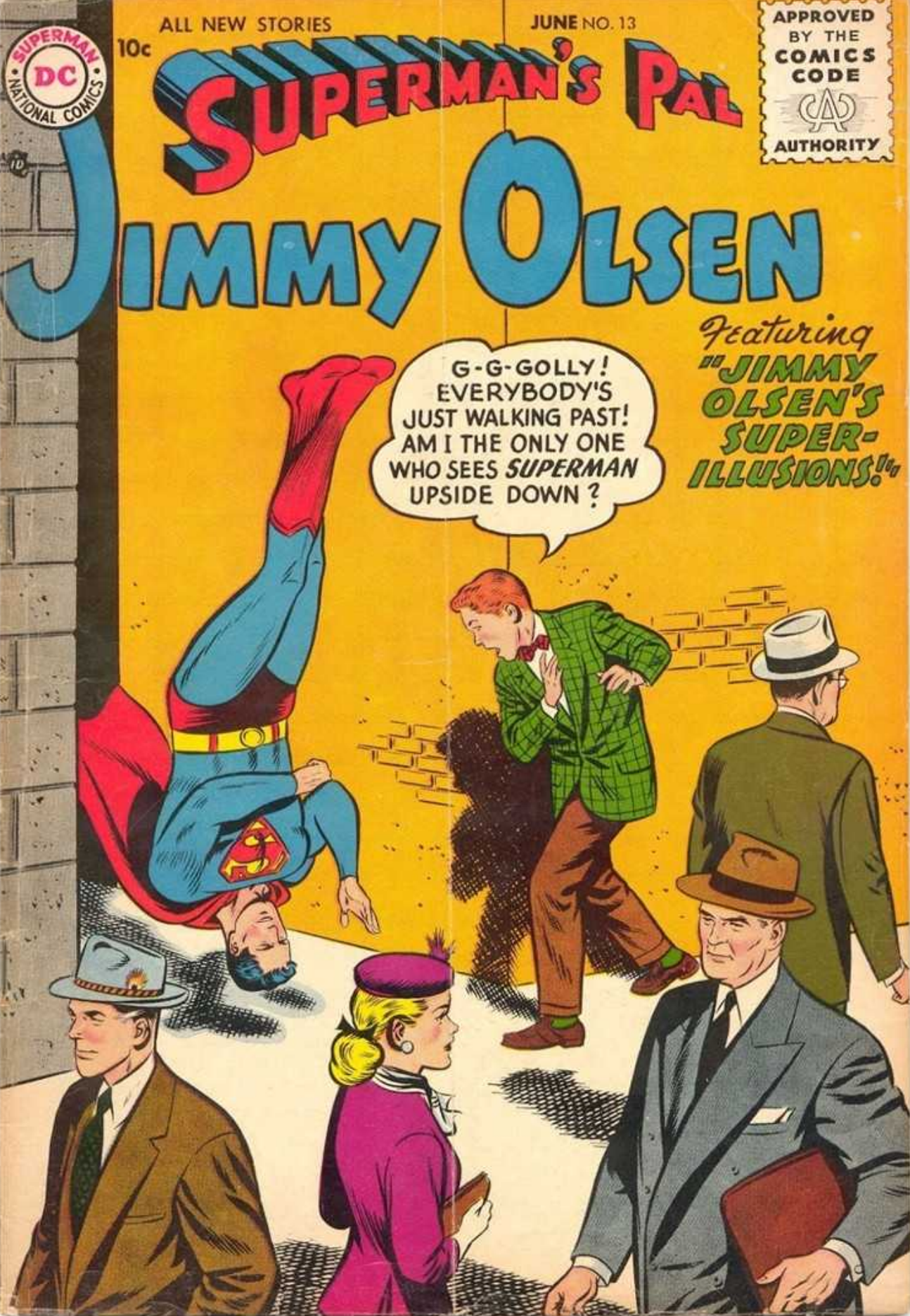
ALL NEW STORIES
JUNE NO. 13
10c
SUPERMAN'S PAL
JIMMY OLSEN
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
Featuring "JIMMY OLSEN'S SUPER-ILLUSIONS!"
G-G-GOLLY! EVERYBODY'S JUST WALKING PAST! AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO SEES SUPERMAN UPSIDE DOWN?

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

GIVEN! GIVEN!

YES WE GIVE YOU

PREMIUMS or CASH

THIS IS AN AMAZING OFFER NOTHING TO BUY—ALL GIVEN MAIL COUPON BELOW

Candid Cameras with Carrying Case, Telescopes, Watches (sent ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35¢ a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Billfolds, Record Players, Dresser Sets, etc.

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TOWN ..... ZONE NO. ..... STATE .....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

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WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY
Dept. 115-70 Tyrone, Pa.

ONE DAY, **SUPERMAN** SAVES JIMMY OLSEN FROM A FIRE! THEN, IN SWIFT SUCCESSION, THE **MAN OF STEEL** SAVES JIMMY FROM MORE DANGERS! HOW CAN THE CUB REPORTER GET IN THAT MUCH TROUBLE AT ONE TIME? THE ANSWER WILL STARTLE YOU, AS IT DID **SUPERMAN**, WHEN HE MET...

THE SIX JIMMY OLSENS

SUPERMAN'S PAL

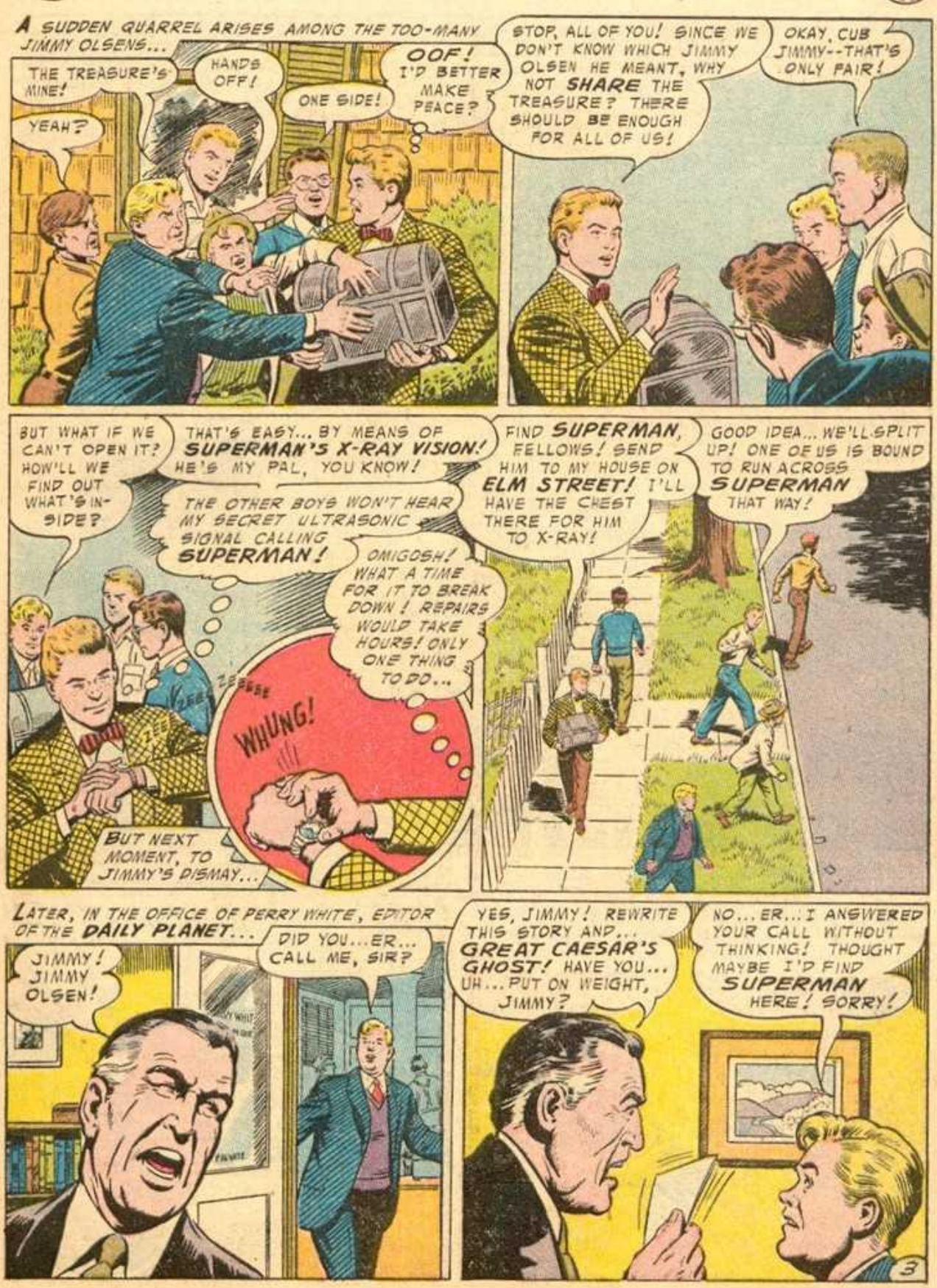
JIMMY OLSEN

ONE MORNING, AS CUB REPORTER JIMMY OLSEN GLIMPSES THROUGH HIS FAVORITE NEWSPAPER...
ATTENTION JIMMY OLSEN. HELP ME SOLVE A RIDDLE. IT WILL BE WORTH YOUR WHILE. GO TO OLD DESERTED HOUSE ON OAK ST.
MR. X
A "MR. X" WANTS ME TO HELP SOLVE A RIDDLE? SOUNDS INTERESTING... I'LL HEAD RIGHT OVER THERE!
LATER, AT THE OLD HOUSE...
NOBODY HERE BUT ANOTHER BOY! ARE YOU "MR. X" BY ANY CHANCE?
NO-- I THOUGHT **YOU** MIGHT BE! I CAME IN ANSWER TO THAT AD!

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN, No. 13, June, 1956. Published monthly, with the exception of January, May, July and November by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., SECOND and DICKEY STREETS, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial and Executive offices, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER at the post office at Sparta, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $1.00 including postage. Foreign, $2.00 in American funds. ©1956 by National Comics Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead is intended or should be inferred.

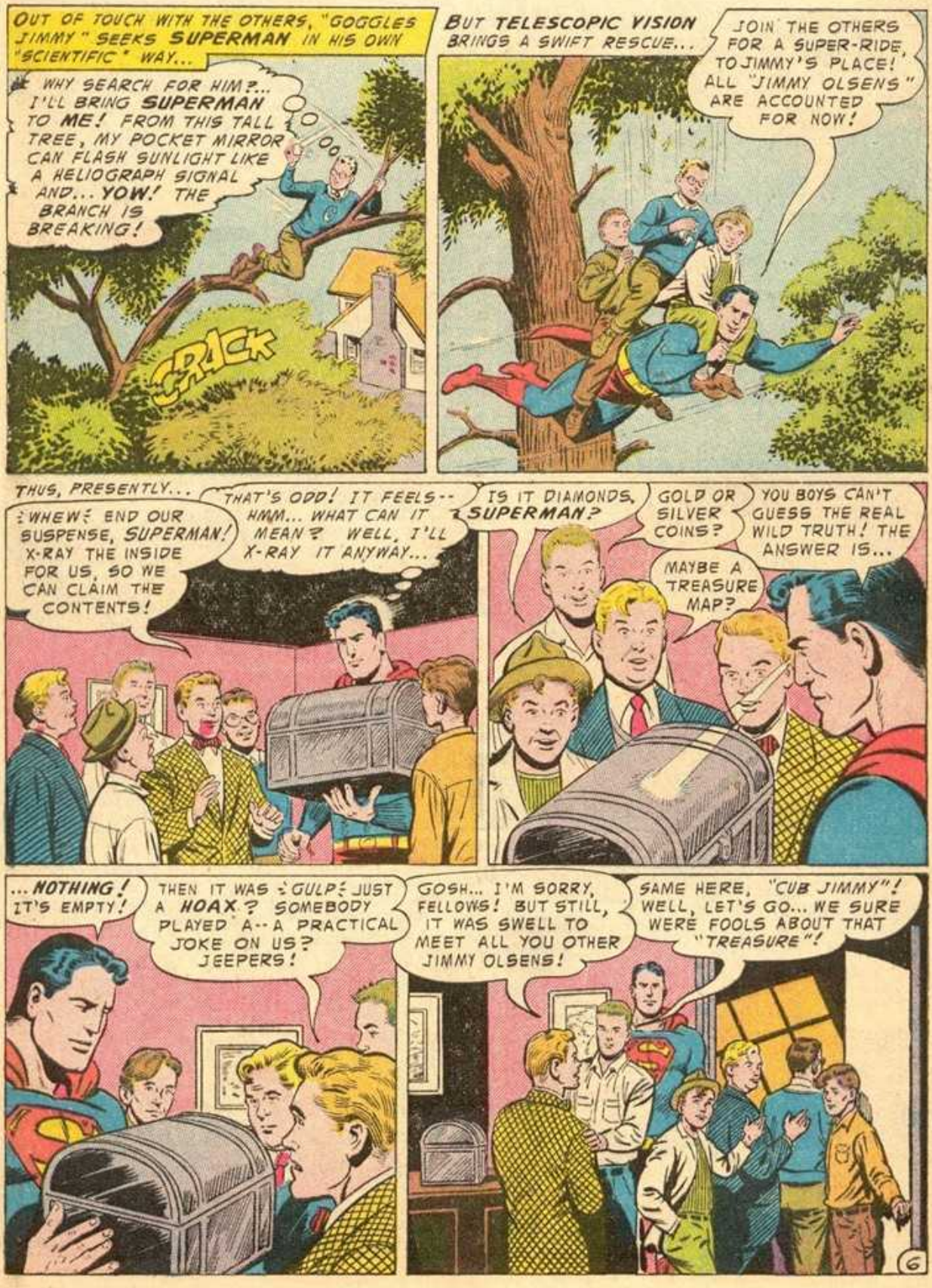
Printed in U.S.A.

YOU SEE, I'M JIMMY OLSEN!
JEEPERS! YOUR NAME'S THE SAME AS MINE! NOW WE DON'T KNOW WHICH "JIMMY OLSEN" HE MEANT!
MAYBE HE MEANT ME? I'M JIMMY OLSEN, TOO!
HOLY SMOKES... ANOTHER ONE? IF ANY MORE SHOW UP, I'LL...
I'M JIMMY OLSEN!
ME, TOO!
SO AM I!
OH NO! SIX OF US WHO SAW THE AD!
AFTER AWHILE, WHEN NO MORE SHOW UP..
I GUESS THAT'S ALL THE JIMMY OLSENS IN METROPOLIS, THANK GOODNESS! LISTEN--TO AVOID CONFUSION, LET'S TAKE SPECIAL NICK-NAMES! TUBBY JIMMY... SLIM JIMMY... TALL JIMMY... SHORT JIMMY... GOGGLES JIMMY... AND I'LL BE CUB JIMMY!
BUT GOSH--ONLY "MR.X" HIMSELF CAN SETTLE WHICH ONE OF US HE WANTED! WHY DOESN'T HE SHOW UP?
WAIT... THERE'S A STEEL BOX--WITH A NOTE FOR "JIMMY OLSEN"! I'LL READ IT FOR... ER... ALL SIX OF US!
GOLLY! THERE COULD BE PIRATE LOOT INSIDE--GOLD AND JEWELS! MR.X MUST BE RICH, BECAUSE HE ONLY WANTS THE CHEST ITSELF!
JIMMY OLSEN:
FOR PRIVATE REASONS, I MUST REMAIN ANONYMOUS! FIND OUT WHAT IS INSIDE THIS CHEST AND THE CONTENTS ARE YOURS! BUT DO NOT DAMAGE OR FORCE IT OPEN, BECAUSE IT IS FOR MY CURIO COLLECTION!
MR.X.


A SUDDEN QUARREL ARISES AMONG THE TOO-MANY JIMMY OLSENS...
THE TREASURE'S MINE!
HANDS OFF!
ONE SIDE!
YEAH?
OOF! I'D BETTER MAKE PEACE?
STOP, ALL OF YOU! SINCE WE DON'T KNOW WHICH JIMMY OLSEN HE MEANT, WHY NOT SHARE THE TREASURE? THERE SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US!
OKAY, CUB JIMMY--THAT'S ONLY FAIR!
BUT WHAT IF WE CAN'T OPEN IT? HOW'LL WE FIND OUT WHAT'S INSIDE?
THAT'S EASY... BY MEANS OF SUPERMAN'S X-RAY VISION! HE'S MY PAL, YOU KNOW!
THE OTHER BOYS WON'T HEAR MY SECRET ULTRASONIC SIGNAL CALLING SUPERMAN!
OMIGOSH! WHAT A TIME FOR IT TO BREAK DOWN! REPAIRS WOULD TAKE HOURS! ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
ZEEEEE
WHUNG!
BUT NEXT MOMENT, TO JIMMY'S DISMAY...
FIND SUPERMAN, FELLOWS! SEND HIM TO MY HOUSE ON ELM STREET! I'LL HAVE THE CHEST THERE FOR HIM TO X-RAY!
GOOD IDEA... WE'LL SPLIT UP! ONE OF US IS BOUND TO RUN ACROSS SUPERMAN THAT WAY!
LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF PERRY WHITE, EDITOR OF THE DAILY PLANET...
JIMMY! JIMMY OLSEN!
DID YOU...ER... CALL ME, SIR?
YES, JIMMY! REWRITE THIS STORY AND... GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! HAVE YOU... UH... PUT ON WEIGHT, JIMMY?
NO... ER... I ANSWERED YOUR CALL WITHOUT THINKING! THOUGHT MAYBE I'D FIND SUPERMAN HERE! SORRY!
3

ELSEWHERE, GIRL REPORTER LOIS LANE ALSO SEEKS OUT JIMMY...
I'LL ASK JIMMY TO HELP ME COVER A RUSH STORY! HE OFTEN STOPS HERE FOR A BITE...
JIMMY OLSEN! ARE YOU HERE?
RIGHT HERE, MA'AM!
COME ALONG, JIMMY-- I... OH MY GOODNESS! YOU-- YOU'VE LOST WEIGHT!
NO, MA'AM! I'M REALLY "SLIM JIMMY", NOT "CUB JIMMY"! I GOT HUNGRY LOOKING FOR SUPERMAN, AND STOPPED HERE FOR A SNACK!
MEANWHILE, JIMMY OLSEN--THE ONE WE KNOW-- IS IN A FEVER OF IMPATIENCE AT HOME...
WHAT'S INSIDE? DOUBLOONS?... PIECES-OF-EIGHT? I'LL DIE OF CURIOSITY! I GAVE UP TRYING TO REPAIR MY SUPERMAN SIGNAL, BUT ONE OF THE OTHER JIMMY OLSENS WILL FIND HIM SOON... I HOPE!
BUT THE SEARCH FOR SUPERMAN ONLY LEADS "SHORT JIMMY" INTO DANGER...
SUPERMAN ALWAYS PATROLS THE CITY FOR FIRES LIKE THIS! I'LL WAIT FOR HIM HERE...
LOOK OUT! THAT BURNING WALL IS FALLING ON YOU!
FORTUNATELY, THE MAN OF STEEL DOES ARRIVE-- AND IN THE NICK OF TIME...
THANKS, SUPERMAN! IT'S ME-- JIMMY OLSEN!
JIMMY?... MY PAL? I'LL SET YOU DOWN SAFELY, THEN PUT OUT THE FIRE!
BUT A MOMENT LATER, AS HE EXTINGUISHES THE BLAZE WITH HIS SUPER-BREATH... REALIZES WHAT HIS EYES SAW BEFORE!
THAT SNUFFS OUT THE FIRE AND...
GREAT SCOTT! WAS THAT JIMMY OLSEN?... A FOOT SHORTER?... OR WAS I DREAMING?
4

LOOK HERE, SON... IF YOU'RE JIMMY OLSEN, I'M BATMAN!
I'M "SHORT JIMMY", NOT YOUR BOY PAL! BUT WE NEED YOU, SUPERMAN! LISTEN...
AND AFTER SUPERMAN HEARS THE WHOLE STORY...
HMM... BEFORE WE GO TO JIMMY'S PLACE, I'D BETTER SCAN METROPOLIS WITH MY TELESCOPIC VISION, IN CASE THE OTHERS ARE WAITING FOR ME AT DANGER SPOTS TOO!
INDEED, AS HIS AMAZING EYES ALIGHT ON "TALL JIMMY"...
SURE ENOUGH! HE WAS WAITING FOR ME WHERE A PAVEMENT CAVED IN, AND CAME TOO CLOSE TO THE EDGE!
EEAAAAAAAAA!
HANG ON, "SHORT JIMMY"! GOT TO USE SUPER-SPEED THROUGH THIS WATER MAIN, TO GET UNDER TALL JIMMY!
WHEEE... I'M GETTING A SUPER THRILL, JUST LIKE "CUB JIMMY" OFTEN DOES WITH HIS PAL SUPERMAN!
WITHIN A SPLIT-SECOND...
RELAX, "TALL JIMMY"... SUPERMAN'S HERE! I'LL STEADY YOU AS YOU DROP ONTO HIS BACK!
GOSH-- THANKS, SUPERMAN!
AFTERWARD...
I SEE "TUBBY JIMMY" AND "SLIM JIMMY" GAVE UP THE SEARCH AND REPORTED BACK TO JIMMY! BUT I STILL HAVE TO ROUND UP "GOGGLES JIMMY"... WHERE IS HE?
5


OUT OF TOUCH WITH THE OTHERS, "GOGGLES JIMMY" SEEKS SUPERMAN IN HIS OWN "SCIENTIFIC" WAY...
WHY SEARCH FOR HIM?... I'LL BRING SUPERMAN TO ME! FROM THIS TALL TREE, MY POCKET MIRROR CAN FLASH SUNLIGHT LIKE A HELIOGRAPH SIGNAL AND... YOW! THE BRANCH IS BREAKING!
CRACK
BUT TELESCOPIC VISION BRINGS A SWIFT RESCUE...
JOIN THE OTHERS FOR A SUPER-RIDE, TO JIMMY'S PLACE! ALL "JIMMY OLSENS" ARE ACCOUNTED FOR NOW!
THUS, PRESENTLY...
WHEW! END OUR SUSPENSE, SUPERMAN! X-RAY THE INSIDE FOR US, SO WE CAN CLAIM THE CONTENTS!
THAT'S ODD! IT FEELS-- HMM... WHAT CAN IT MEAN? WELL, I'LL X-RAY IT ANYWAY...
IS IT DIAMONDS, SUPERMAN?
GOLD OR SILVER COINS?
MAYBE A TREASURE MAP?
YOU BOYS CAN'T GUESS THE REAL WILD TRUTH! THE ANSWER IS...
...NOTHING! IT'S EMPTY!
THEN IT WAS GULP! JUST A HOAX? SOMEBODY PLAYED A-- A PRACTICAL JOKE ON US? JEEPERS!
GOSH... I'M SORRY, FELLOWS! BUT STILL, IT WAS SWELL TO MEET ALL YOU OTHER JIMMY OLSENS!
SAME HERE, "CUB JIMMY"! WELL, LET'S GO... WE SURE WERE FOOLS ABOUT THAT "TREASURE"!
6

ALWAYS KINDLY, SUPERMAN LESSENS THE SHARP STING OF DISAPPOINTMENT...
WHEEEEEE!
YAYYY!
BEFORE TAKING US HOME, SUPERMAN IS GIVING US A SUPER-TOUR OF AMERICA!
ACTUALLY, I'M JUST KILLING TIME WHILE KEEPING MY TELESCOPIC VISION BEAMED BACK ON THE CITY! HOPE MY HUNCH IS RIGHT!
WHAT DOES SUPERMAN MEAN? AS FOR JIMMY (CUB REPORTER) OLSEN, HE DISCARDS THE CHEST AND GOES TO WORK...
EMPTY... JUST A WORTHLESS STEEL BOX! LET THE JUNKMAN HAVE IT! BUT IF I EVER FIND THAT PRACTICAL JOKER...
AH... I KNEW HE'D FINALLY TOSS IT AWAY IN DISGUST!
TRASH
JIMMY OLSEN PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS, BY DUPING SUPERMAN INTO HELPING ME CASH IN! NOBODY SUSPECTS THAT I'M "MR. X"! NOW TO SWINDLE $100,000 FROM ROGER ASHTON, THE WEALTHY DIAMOND MERCHANT! HA, HA!
AMAZINGLY, WHEN THE DIAMOND MERCHANT EXAMINES THE FORMER STEEL CHEST...
HE'LL MEET MY PRICE-- HA, HA!
WONDERFUL! YOU CAN'T FOOL AN EXPERT LIKE ME ... THEY'RE GENUINE DIAMONDS!
WRONG, SIR-- DON'T PAY HIM! HE'S "FAKER" FLOYD, THE NOTORIOUS CON MAN! I KEPT A TELESCOPIC BEAM ON THE CHEST AFTER JIMMY DISCARDED IT!
SUPERMAN!... BUT; GULP! WHAT GAVE ME AWAY?
7

"WELL-- WHEN I FIRST PICKED UP THE CHEST, I NOTICED A PECULIAR THING..."
SOMETHING'S FISHY! THE WEIGHT OF THE STEEL BOX ITSELF INDICATES IT'S EMPTY! WHY WAS JIMMY OLSEN PICKED FOR A HOAX LIKE THIS?
"TWO AND TWO QUICKLY ADDED TO A SUSPICIOUS FOUR..."
"MR. X" KNEW JIMMY WOULD CALL ME TO USE X-RAYS! BUT SINCE NOTHING IS INSIDE, MY X-RAYS ARE PROBABLY MEANT TO ALTER THE CHEST ITSELF, SOMEHOW! THE ONLY WAY TO TRAP THE UNKNOWN CULPRIT IS TO GO THROUGH WITH IT!
OKAY, I'LL CONFESS! I STUMBLED ON A WAY OF MAKING SUPER-HARD CARBON STEEL! SUPERMAN'S POWERFUL X-RAYS TURNED THE CARBON INTO ITS RARE CRYSTALLINE FORM-- KNOWN AS DIAMONDS! THEY CRYSTALLIZED AFTER JIMMY TOSSED IT AWAY!
BUT IF THEY'RE GENUINE DIAMONDS, HE DIDN'T SWINDLE ME!
THEY'RE GENUINE-- BUT ONLY FOR ONE HOUR! SEE?.. NOW THE UNNATURAL DIAMONDS ARE REVERTING BACK TO ORDINARY CARBON! FLOYD PLANNED TO SKIP WITH YOUR MONEY BEFORE THIS HAPPENED!
AND SO, LATER, AS SUPERMAN BRINGS THE REWARD FOR THE SWINDLER'S CAPTURE TO JIMMY OLSEN...
THE AD WAS REALLY MEANT FOR YOU-- NOT THE OTHER "JIMMY OLSENS"... SO IT'S ALL YOURS, JIMMY!
NO-- I'LL DIVIDE IT UP WITH THEM-- THEY DESERVE IT! ROUND THEM UP FOR ME!
I ALREADY DID, JIMMY-- I KNEW YOU'D BE UNSELFISH!
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD JIMMY..!
SUPER-DUPER!
LET'S MEET AGAIN SOME TIME AS THE "JIMMY OLSEN CLUB"! I'LL LET YOU SHARE ANOTHER SUPERMAN ADVENTURE WITH ME!
HMM... SEEMS I HAVE SIX PALS NOW... AND THEY'RE ALL NAMED JIMMY OLSEN!
THE END
8

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CYCLE TIRE DEPARTMENT

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LITTLE PETE
HENRY BOLTINOFF
PETE, YOU GOT ALL YOUR ARITHMETIC HOMEWORK CORRECT!
THOSE WERE RATHER DIFFICULT PROBLEMS. DID YOUR FATHER HELP YOU?
NO, MA'AM!
ARE YOU SURE HE DIDN'T HELP YOU?
NO, MA'AM, HE DIDN'T HELP ME - HE DID IT ALL!
END.

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Contains heart of Lanolin, Nature's finest hair and scalp conditioner!

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN

WHENEVER DANGER THREATENS HIM, JIMMY OLSEN MERELY HAS TO TOUCH THE WINDING KNOB OF HIS WRISTWATCH-- AND THAT SENDS OUT A SECRET SIGNAL WHICH BRINGS HIS PAL **SUPERMAN** TO THE RESCUE! BUT NOW THE CUB REPORTER IS REALLY IN A JAM-- BECAUSE IN ORDER TO SAVE HIMSELF, HE MUST FIRST SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF...

THE STOLEN SUPERMAN SIGNAL

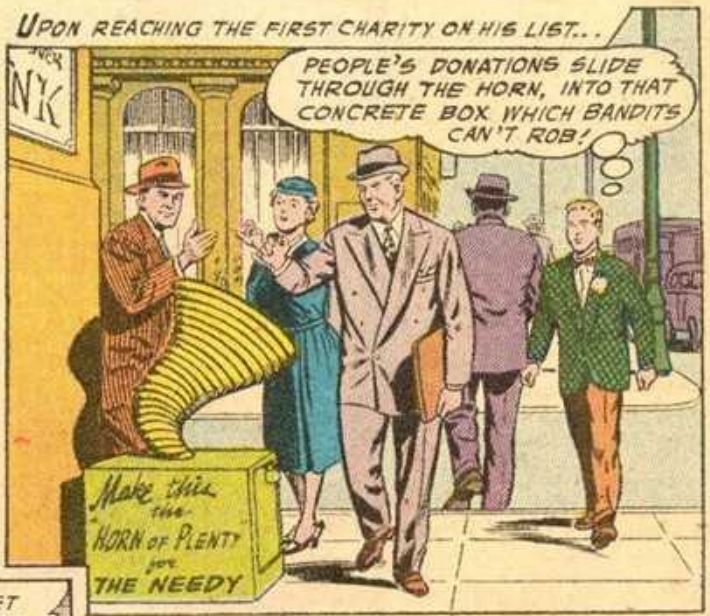
THANKS FOR CALLING ME, JIMMY! I'LL DONATE THIS MONEY TO MY FAVORITE CHARITY... ME! HA, HA, HA!
JEEPERS! I--I SIGNAL FOR SUPERMAN, AND THIS CROOK SHOWS UP!
CHARITY DRIVE

IT'S A SPECIAL VOLUNTEER ASSIGNMENT THAT TAKES CUB REPORTER JIMMY OLSEN AWAY FROM FROM HIS REGULAR JOB ONE MORNING...

SUPERMAN HAS AGREED TO HELP ME PICK UP THE FUNDS TODAY, FROM YOUR COLLECTION STATIONS AROUND TOWN!
SPLENDID, JIMMY! THAT WILL SAVE US THE HIGH COST OF ARMORED CAR SERVICE!
CHARITY HEADQUARTERS

FURTHERMORE, WITH SUPERMAN ON THE JOB, WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEFT EITHER!
RIGHT... WE'LL BRING BACK EVERY CENT, SIR!
OFFICIAL FUND COLLECTOR

THESE KEYS WILL UNLOCK THE VARIOUS MONEY CHESTS-- JUST FOLLOW THAT LIST OF COLLECTION STATIONS!
CHECK... I'M ON MY WAY!


UPON REACHING THE FIRST CHARITY ON HIS LIST...
PEOPLE'S DONATIONS SLIDE THROUGH THE HORN, INTO THAT CONCRETE BOX WHICH BANDITS CAN'T ROB!
Make this the HORN of PLENTY for THE NEEDY

ONLY MY KEY CAN UNLOCK IT... YET EVEN NOW, ROBBERS WON'T DARE SHOW UP, BECAUSE THEY KNOW MY PAL SUPERMAN IS ALWAYS READY TO PROTECT ME!

WHICH IS PRECISELY WHY "LABS" LOGAN LURKS NEARBY, AFRAID TO STRIKE...
BLAST IT! ALL THAT DOUGH SO NEAR-- AND YET SO FAR! IF ONLY I COULD FIGURE OUT HOW SUPERMAN ALWAYS SEEMS TO KNOW WHEN THAT KID'S IN TROUBLE!

THE ANSWER, OF COURSE, IS JIMMY'S SECRET SUPERMAN SIGNAL, INNOCENTLY HIDDEN IN HIS WRISTWATCH...
THIS ULTRASONIC SOUND-WAVE IS TOO HIGH-PITCHED FOR ORDINARY EARS! ONLY SUPERMAN'S SUPER-HEARING CAN PICK IT UP!
ZEEEEE-ZEEEE-ZEEEEE-ZEEEEEEE-ZEEEE-ZEE

SURE ENOUGH, IN HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY OF REPORTER CLARK KENT, SUPERMAN RESPONDS INSTANTLY...
JIMMY'S SIGNAL, AT FREQUENCY 1,000,000, HAS A SPECIAL "SOUND" TO MY SUPER-HEARING. I JUST FOLLOW IT LIKE A "GUIDE" BEAM!

WITHIN SECONDS...
HERE'S SUPERMAN TO DELIVER THE MONEY TO HEADQUARTERS FOR ME! NOW I'LL TURN OFF THE SIGNAL, AND NOBODY IS THE WISER ABOUT IT!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, JIMMY...
HMM... NOW WHY WOULD HE WIND HIS WATCH TWICE IN SUCH A SHORT TIME? COULD IT CONTAIN SOME SORT OF SUPERMAN SIGNAL? I'LL FOLLOW JIMMY TILL I FIND OUT!
LATER, WHEN THE BOY REPORTER GROWS HUNGRY...
I'LL HAVE A BITE AT THIS RESTAURANT!
HE TOOK HIS WATCH OFF TO WASH UP! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SEE THE INNER WORKS...
I ALWAYS CARRY MY POCKET KIT OF LAB TOOLS! NOW TO OPEN IT AND FIND OUT IF IT CONTAINS A SECRET SUPERMAN SIGNAL!
BROADCAST ANTENNAE
ULTRASONIC TRANSMITTER FREQUENCY 1,000,000
POWER FROM WINDING STEM
AH... I WAS RIGHT! SUPERMAN PICKS UP THE "SILENT" SOUND WITH HIS SUPER-HEARING!
I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST, BEFORE JIMMY FINISHES WASHING! ONLY TAKES A MOMENT TO ADJUST IT TO A NEW ULTRASONIC FREQUENCY-- ONE THAT CREATES A DIFFERENT "SOUND"!
UNAWARE OF THE TAMPERING, JIMMY PUTS HIS WATCH BACK ON...
SUPERMAN WILL IGNORE THE NEW SIGNALS, BECAUSE HE'LL THINK THEY COME FROM A DIFFERENT SOURCE! THAT'LL MAKE IT A CINCH TO ROB THE CHARITY FUNDS THAT JIMMY PICKS UP... HA, HA!
3

THUS, AT THE NEXT CHARITY PICK-UP...
I UNLOCKED THE CEMENT "POT-O-GOLD"! NOW TO SIGNAL SUPERMAN...
ZAAA....
PUT SOMETHING IN THE POT O' GOLD, FOLKS!
DEAF TO THE CHANGED ULTRASONIC IMPULSES, JIMMY IS UNAWARE THAT SUPERMAN HEARS THE WRONG SOUND...
I'M DOING OTHER JOBS BETWEEN JIMMY'S CALLS, LIKE WRECKING THIS CONDEMNED CHEMICAL PLANT, AND... HMM -- THAT'S NOT JIMMY'S SIGNAL! MUST BE SOME OTHER SHORT-WAVE IMPULSE!
DANGER ACIDS
ZAAAA...
BUT THE NEW SIGNAL DOES BRING SOMEONE ELSE!...
MY RECEIVER CONVERTS HIS SIGNAL TO A SOUND I CAN HEAR! JIMMY IS "CALLING" ME -- TO ROB THE MONEY! HE'LL HAVE IT UNLOCKED FOR ME -- AND SUPERMAN WON'T MEDDLE! HA, HA!
ZAAA...
OOF! A--A BANDIT!
...S KID... MY ...ORITE CHARITY IS ME!
JEEPERS! HE GOT AWAY... AND SUPERMAN STILL HASN'T ANSWERED MY SIGNAL! IS HE BUSY WITH SOMETHING HE COULDN'T DROP?... OR IS--IS SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON?
4

BAFFLED, JIMMY REPORTS FOR HIS NEXT PICK-UP..
I SURE HOPE SUPERMAN SHOWS UP SOON, SO HE CAN START SEARCHING FOR THAT MAN WHO ROBBED ME!
LOOT YOUR POCKETS FOR THE CHARITY TREASURE CHEST!
CRACK
JIMMY'S ON THE ALERT NOW... BUT I'LL DIVERT HIS ATTENTION BY CRACKING OFF THIS PLASTER ARM, JUST AS THAT KID COMES ALONG!
OMIGOSH! GOT TO RESCUE THAT BOY!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
LOOT YOUR POCKETS
CRASH!
BUT THAT'S ALL THE TIME "LABS" LOGAN NEEDS TO STRIKE AGAIN...
ANOTHER HAUL! I'LL REAP MORE, TOO, SINCE SUPERMAN WON'T EVER ANSWER JIMMY'S WRONG SIGNAL! HA, HA, HA!
MOMENTS LATER...
YIPES! ROBBED AGAIN! WHY DIDN'T SUPERMAN SHOW UP? HMM--SOMETHING IS WRONG HERE--AND I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT!
CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

ANY OF THESE PRIZES CAN

WHEN YOU BECOME A MEMBER OF

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DAISY RED RYDER CARBINE AIR RIFLE
Sell Only 12 Boxes
VOIT SKIN DIVING OUTFIT
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Sell On 20 Boxes

COLEMAN CAMP STOVE
Sell Only 20 Boxes

Sell Only 12 Boxes
ARCHERY SET WITH LEMONWOOD BOW

WEN-MAC AQUAMITE SPEEDBOAT WITH GAS ENGINE
Sell Only 12 Boxes

IT'S YOURS FOR SELLING ONLY 80 BOXES OF CARDS

HERCULES
ROYAL PRINCE
LIGHTWEIGHT ENGLISH BICYCLE
With Generator Powered Headlight

Here is our most famous prize of all, the Hercules Royal Prince Lightweight English Bicycle, completely equipped with every quality feature imaginable including 3-speed shift and chrome finished Generator Headlight.

Here's How The Junior Sales Club WILL GIVE YOU PRIZES!

It's easy to earn one or more of these valuable prizes when you become a member of the Junior Sales Club of America. No experience is required! It WON'T COST YOU ANYTHING! Thousands of other boys and girls have earned valuable prizes and YOU CAN, TOO!

The first thing you do is pick out the prize you want. Then, simply fill out the coupon with your name and address (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY) and indicate whether you want 12 or 20 boxes. The number of boxes will depend upon the prize you are working for. If you want a prize that requires more than 20 boxes, you must sell your first shipment of 20 boxes before we can send you more.

After you have filled out your coupon, send it to us and we will immediately send the card boxes you request plus complete details and our illustrated folder showing all the prizes you can win.

Selling these lovely J.S.C.A. All-Occasion Greeting Card boxes is amazingly easy! The assortment we will send is brand new for 1956 and has 21 long slim gold-embossed cards and envelopes, a tremendous value which you sell at the low bargain price of only $1.25 per box. All your friends, relatives and neighbors will be anxious to buy such lovely cards . . . in fact, most of our members sell all their cards the very first day! NO EXPERIENCE IS NECESSARY . . . J.S.C.A. CARDS ACTUALLY SELL THEMSELVES.

. . . Just imagine the fun and enjoyment you can have, with any one of these valuable prizes. We've picked these products because they're all well known for their quality. WE GUARANTEE YOUR SATISFACTION! The prize you earn will be shipped POSTAGE PAID TO YOU immediately after we receive your order and the money you've collected from selling the boxes. IT'S THE QUICKEST, EASIEST AND MOST REWARDING PLAN EVER INVENTED. IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY EVEN KEEP, AS YOUR PRIZE, 50c FOR EACH BOX YOU SELL.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee that the prizes offered by the Junior Sales Club of America are first quality and conform with our descriptions and specifications. If for any reason a prize is unsatisfactory, you may return it and we will refund your cost, cash commission. We further guarantee to ship all prizes promptly upon receipt of payment for cards, unless there is a delay caused by conditions beyond our control. (Flood, strikes, hurricanes, etc.) We further guarantee that our greeting cards are of new manufacture and of the highest quality in their price field, a truly great value at the established retail price of $1.25 per box.

START TODAY!

You are allowed 30 days in which to sell your cards. The cards are sent to you on credit because WE TRUST YOU! If for any reason you cannot sell all the cards, all we ask is that you return any unsold boxes postpaid at the end of 30 days. HURRY! WORRY! START EARLY! There's no time to lose. Remember, these cards are entirely new and have never been offered for sale before this year, ANYWHERE! Be the first in your neighborhood to sell these cards and earn the valuable prize of your choice.

Send No Money - Mail Coupon NOW

COUPON FOR A FRIEND

JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA, Dept. NC-3
SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.

Please enroll me as a member of the J.S.C.A. and send me AT ONCE complete details on how to get prizes, illustrated folder and a supply of All-Occasion Cards as checked below:

☐ 12 BOXES ☐ 20 BOXES

NAME _____
PLEASE PRINT NAME CLEARLY
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

YOUR COUPON

JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA, Dept. NC-3
SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.

Please enroll me as a member of the J.S.C.A. and send me AT ONCE complete details on how to get prizes, illustrated folder and a supply of All-Occasion Cards as checked below:

☐ 12 BOXES ☐ 20 BOXES

NAME _____
PLEASE PRINT NAME CLEARLY
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

SO SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT STILL ANOTHER COLLECTION POINT...
THIS TIME, I WON'T UNLOCK THE MONEY UNTIL SUPERMAN SHOWS UP!
DIG DEEP FOR THE CHARITY LODGE
JIMMY'S WISE... BUT I'LL STILL GET THIS HAUL!
OPEN IT UP, KID!
WHAT--? A--A GUNMAN! GULP! AND THERE'S NOT A POLICEMAN IN SIGHT!
NOW WE'LL TAKE A LITTLE RIDE TO MY HIDEOUT!
OH, WELL... NOTHING TO REALLY WORRY ABOUT! SOON'S WE GET THERE, I CAN SIGNAL SUPERMAN!
POOR JIMMY... WHAT A SHOCK AWAITS YOU AT LOGAN'S HIDEOUT!
NO USE TRYING YOUR WRISTWATCH SIGNAL... IT'S THE WRONG ONE! HEAR IT ON MY SPECIAL RECEIVER?
JEEPERS! YOU--YOU MUST'VE TAMPERED WITH IT BEFORE!... THAT'S WHY SUPERMAN DIDN'T SHOW UP!
ZAAAA...ZAAAA
RIGHT, KID... AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOU HERE, I'LL USE THESE KEYS TO FINISH THE COLLECTION! BUT FIRST, I WANT TO MAKE SURE SUPERMAN CAN'T POSSIBLY INTERFERE...
WH-WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY THAT?
BARNEY?... THIS IS LOGAN! THAT KRYPTONITE YOU'VE BEEN SAVING... BRING IT OVER -- NOW'S THE TIME WE CAN USE IT!
OH, NO! KRYPTONITE... THE ONLY SUBSTANCE THAT CAN WEAKEN SUPERMAN -- MAKE HIM HELPLESS AS A BABY!

AND WHEN LOGAN'S HENCHMAN DELIVERS THE DEADLY KRYPTONITE...
I CHANGED YOUR SIGNAL BACK TO THE RIGHT FREQUENCY, JIMMY! NOW-- SET IT OFF!
:GULP: I'M FORCED TO LURE SUPERMAN INTO A TRAP MYSELF!
THE KRYPTONITE RAYS WILL WEAKEN SUPERMAN, THEN THESE MEN WILL CHAIN HIM UP AND LEAVE HIM HERE! OH-OH... IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY TO WARN MY PAL!
ZZZZZZ

WAIT! THEY AREN'T WATCHING ME NOW! MAYBE I CAN USE MY SIGNAL TO SEND A MESSAGE...
ZEE ZEE ZEE
ZEEEEE ZEEEEE ZEEEEE
ZEE ZEE ZEE
BY MANIPULATING MY FINGER ON AND OFF-- EVER SO LIGHTLY-- I CAN REACH HIM IN MORSE CODE, JUST LIKE A WIRELESS OPERATOR!

SURE ENOUGH, AS THE ULTRASONIC WAVES REACH SUPERMAN'S EARS...
ZEE ZEE ZEE ZEEEEE ZEEEEE ZEEEEE ZEE ZEE
HMM... THREE SHORTS-- THREE LONGS-- THREE SHORTS... WHY, THAT'S MORSE CODE FOR S.O.S.! IT'S A WARNING FROM JIMMY!
JUST IN TIME, BEFORE SUPERMAN RUSHES INTO THE TRAP...
ZEE ZEE ZEE ZEEEEE ZEEEEE ZEEEEE
S-U-P-E-R-M-A-N K-R-Y-P-T-O-N-I-T-E T-R-A-P... ST-O-P...
WHAT?... KRYPTONITE? :WHEW: THAT MESSAGE REACHED ME IN THE NICK OF TIME! I'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE THE SITUATION NOW!

AT A NEARBY JUNKYARD, THE MAN OF STEEL SWIFTLY FASHIONS A GIANT TOOL...
AT A DISTANCE, KRYPTONITE DOESN'T AFFECT ME -- AND WITH THIS GIANT PAIR OF TONGS, I CAN KEEP FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM IT WHILE GETTING RID OF IT!
SHORTLY, BACK AT THE HIDEOUT...
I'LL SNATCH THE KRYPTONITE OUT THROUGH THE ROOF, BEFORE THOSE CRIMINAL AMBUSHERS REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENED!
NOW TO HURL IT FAR OUT INTO THE OCEAN, WHERE NO MAN CAN POSSIBLY FIND IT AGAIN!
THE REST IS EASY... AFTER CARTING YOU TWO OFF TO JAIL, I'LL REPAIR THE ROOF!
ULP! H-HOW DID HE EVER FIGURE OUT OUR TRAP?
AND SO, LATER, AS SUPERMAN HELPS JIMMY FINISH HIS CHARITY COLLECTIONS...
THAT WAS CLEVER, JIMMY -- SENDING ME A CODE WARNING!
BUT IT WASN'T VERY CLEVER OF ME TO LET A CROOK GET HIS HANDS ON MY SUPERMAN SIGNAL! I'LL BE CAREFUL THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
ONE THING'S FOR SURE THOUGH... WHEN CRIMINALS MEET UP WITH SUPERMAN, THEIR CRIME CAREERS COME TO...
T-H-E E-N-D
THE END

JACK THE GIANT-WRECKER

What Does an Ex-Pilot Do? This One Got a Job—
Running Machines into the Ground

NOBODY had to tell Jack Roberts that his days as a test pilot were practically at an end. He had stared ruefully at the last plane he had taken up, and put down with such a jolt that its fuselage would need two weeks to repair.

"But what does a guy like me do after his test-flying days?" Jack asked a friend. "Testing is in my blood. I've lived and breathed the excitement of taking out a new plane and putting it through its paces."

"Does it have to be a plane?" asked his friend.

"Is there anything else that needs testing?" shot back the dispirited ex-test pilot.

Jack's friend wrote down on a card the name and address of a man in Maryland. "See him," he advised. "He'll keep you in business."

Jack was sure that someone had made a terrible mistake when he arrived at his destination. The scene that first struck him was that of a peaceful, farming land. Low, rolling hills alternated with flat plains.

Jack took a deep breath, and went to the address on the card. The building was a low, long shack. Inside, a brisk young man, answering to the name on the card, shook hands with Jack. He seemed glad to meet his visitor.

"We can always use former test pilots down here," he said.

Jack frowned, glanced curiously out the window. "I didn't notice any planes around," he said.

"We don't test planes here. Everything *but* planes. Follow me and I'll show you."

Jack was guided out to a rear area. There he noticed a variety of combat vehicles—tanks, light and heavy, self-propelled guns and trucks.

Jack looked up. "Don't tell me you test these things?" he asked.

"Sure thing. Any objections?"

Jack plopped his hat on his head with a sigh of disgust. "You don't need former test-pilots to test these kiddie cars," he snorted.

"Don't be too sure," replied the other. "Why not try it out for a day or so, as long as you're here? At least, you'll make your fare."

Jack shrugged. "Okay," he said.

That same afternoon, Jack started work. He was given a crash helmet, and called in for a briefing.

Jack's superior pointed to the Army's new M51 tank-recovery vehicle, a 57-ton metal monster with a boom the size of a bridge girder. A few final instructions, and Jack climbed into the hatch. A minute later, he got the "go signal" and threw the vehicle into gear.

The giant machine went tearing up a steep hill, teetered on the edge for a brief moment, then plunged downward. Jack adjusted his earphones and requested instructions. They came right back—*open up the throttle and let it rip!*

Without his former Air Force training, Jack would have been tempted to shout back: "You crazy fool, do you want me to wreck this quarter-of-a-million dollar piece of machinery?"

But Jack was trained to obey orders without protest. He obediently opened it up, and plunged down the near-vertical slope. Jack saw the bottom coming up at him, and almost shut his eyes.

"Shall I slow this thing down?" he shouted into his speaker.

"Of course not!" cried a voice over his receiver. "Make sure she's rolling at full speed!"

There was a sickening thud in his stomach as the vehicle plowed into the bottom. Jack was sure that it would go right through the earth. And he was amazed when the metal behemoth, heaving violently over water-filled potholes righted itself, and clanked on.

Following instructions, Jack kept pushing the tank-recovery vehicle over miles of impossible terrain. Several times, the rugged machine started to topple over on its side, then seemed to think better of it.

As for Jack, halfway through this ordeal he felt that the lunging vehicle would tear the arms out of his sockets. He was a weary man when he brought the vehicle to a stop in front of the shack. His superior came out, smiling.

"How do you like it?"

"Pretty rough," Jack said.

"Rougher than test-flying?"

"A lot rougher. But I don't mind telling you that another day like this one, and that vehicle is going to become a hunk of junk!"

Jack's superior smiled. "That's the general idea," he said, and in answer to the questioning look on Jack's face, he added: "Every vehicle on these proving grounds is here for exactly that purpose —*to be wrecked!*"

Jack nodded, and joined up. He became one of a force of test drivers whose job it is to drive every pilot model of new equipment to complete collapse, in the hope of locating and eliminating weaknesses.

As Jack himself explained in a letter to the friend who had originally suggested the job, "We've got to know just how much these machines can take before they fall apart."

Today, Jack Roberts couldn't begin to count the number of vehicles he has literally run into the ground; but who can blame him for often thinking back to those good old easy days of test-flying?

—Joe Maxwell

JERRY
THE JITTERBUG
TOUCHDOWN!
LOOK AT JERRY GO--THEY DON'T EVEN COME NEAR HIM!
ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!
YEAH!
JERRY, YOU'RE SENSATIONAL TODAY! THE OTHER TEAM CAN'T EVEN GET NEAR YOU!
COACH
OH, THAT WAS GOOD STRATEGY, COACH ---
I SPREAD THE RUMOR AROUND THE OTHER TEAM'S CAMPUS THAT I HAD THE MUMPS, AND ANYBODY WHO DIDN'T WANT TO CATCH IT BETTER STAY AWAY FROM ME!
THE END

WORTH 25¢

ADMIT ONE (1) To
PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK
NEW JERSEY

GOOD MONDAYS and FRIDAYS
(EXCEPT HOLIDAYS) UNTIL 9 P.M.

Direct Buses from N.Y. 167th St. & B'way. 41st St. & 8th Ave.

SUPERMAN'S PAL
JIMMY OLSEN
COULD YOU BELIEVE THAT SUPERMAN WOULD PLAY PRACTICAL JOKES ON JIMMY OLSEN? WELL, SO IT SEEMS ONE DAY AS THE MAN OF STEEL BAFFLES HIS YOUNG PAL WITH OUTLANDISH TRICKS-- TRICKS WHICH MADE JIMMY THINK HE'S FLIPPED HIS LID! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS THE REAL AND IMPORTANT REASON WHY SUPERMAN MUST CREATE...
JIMMY OLSEN'S SUPER ILLUSIONS
JEEPERS! HOW CAN THAT OLD HOUSE BE... (GULP!) ... UPSIDE DOWN? ARE MY EYES PLAYING ME TRICKS?
I SECRETLY TURNED IT UPSIDE DOWN! BUT STILL MORE STARTLING SHOCKS ARE IN STORE FOR JIMMY TODAY! I'LL SEE TO THAT!
FOR RENT
AFTER GETTING UP IN THE MORNING, JIMMY OLSEN'S DAY ALWAYS STARTS THE SAME...
MY TWO FRIED EGGS OUGHT TO BE DONE NOW! GOSH, I'M HUNGRY!
BUT THIS PARTICULAR MORNING, THINGS ARE NOT AS USUAL!
TEN EGGS? I'M NOT THAT HUNGRY! BUT-- BUT DID I PUT IN TOO MANY EGGS BY MISTAKE?

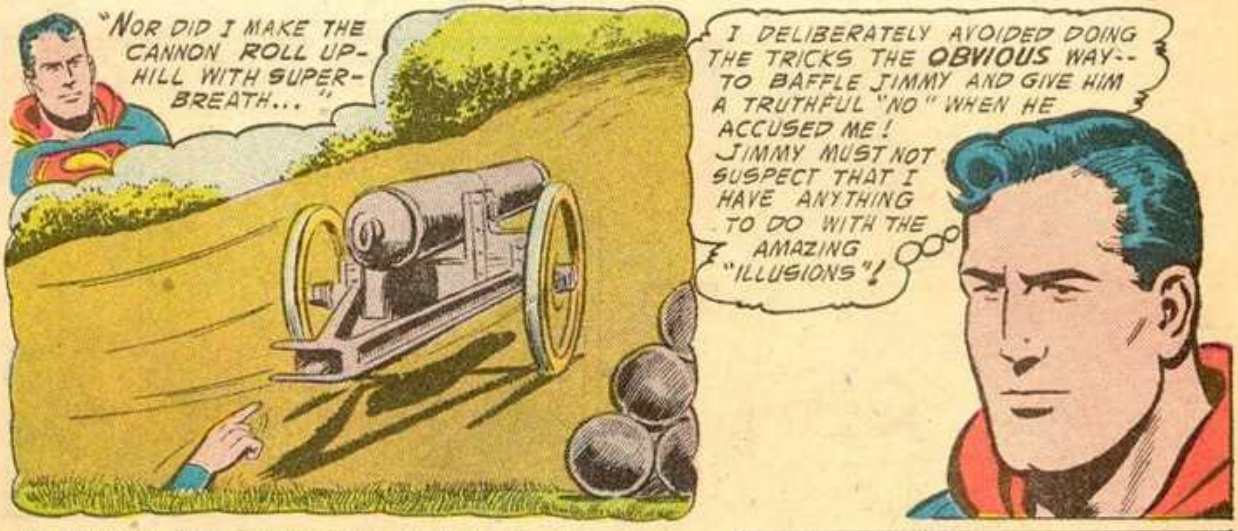
NO--THERE ARE ONLY TWO BROKEN EGGSHELLS! GOLLY, HOW DID THOSE EXTRA EGGS GET IN THE PAN? I'LL LOOK AGAIN!
HEY! ONLY TWO NOW! I GUESS I-- I ONLY IMAGINED I SAW TEN EGGS BEFORE! HOW SILLY! HA, HA!
AFTER BREAKFAST, ON HIS WAY OUT, JIMMY RECEIVES ANOTHER SHOCK...
SUPERMAN SOUVENIR COLLE
JEEPERS! THAT STEEL BAR WAS BENT LIKE A PRETZEL BEFORE! HOW CAN IT SUDDENLY BE STRAIGHT?
STEEL BAR BENT BY SUPERMAN
BUT IN THE NEXT BLINK OF HIS EYES...
IT--IT'S BACK TO NORMAL! MY EYES SURE ARE PLAYING ME TRICKS TODAY! WELL, FORGET IT! I'M EAGER TO DEVELOP THE PICTURES I TOOK WITH THAT NEW DARK FILM CAMERA AT THE OFFICE!
ON HIS WAY TO WORK, JIMMY SPIES STILL ANOTHER STRANGE ILLUSION...
OMIGOSH! A--A LAMPPOST STRIPED LIKE PEPPERMINT CANDY! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF OTHERS SEE THIS TOO! I'LL CALL SOMEBODY HERE!
STRANGEST OF ALL, WHILE JIMMY SEEKS A WITNESS, SOMEONE WORKS AT SUPER SPEED -- NONE OTHER THAN SUPERMAN!
NOW TO PAINT IT BLACK AGAIN BEFORE JIMMY RETURNS WITH SOMEONE! MY SUPER BREATH WILL DRY IT INSTANTLY!
WHAT STRIPED LAMPPOST? IT'S BLACK LIKE IT ALWAYS WAS! ARE YOU SURE YOU AREN'T... ER... SICK, MY BOY?
I--I'M BEGINNING TO THINK SO! =GULP!=
2

BUT THERE IS AN EXPLANATION FOR JIMMY'S HALLUCINATION-- SUPERMAN...
I SECRETLY SLIPPED THOSE EXTRA EGGS IN AND OUT OF HIS FRYING PAN!
I UNBENT THE STEEL SOUVENIR!
AND I PAINTED THE STRIPES ON THE LAMPPOST!

BUT SUPERMAN! HOW CAN YOU WASTE YOUR VALUABLE TIME PLAYING PRACTICAL JOKES ON YOUR YOUNG PAL...
I OVERTOOK JIMMY! NOW TO TURN THIS DESERTED HOUSE UPSIDE DOWN! I'LL RIGHT IT LATER BEFORE OTHERS COME ALONG-- THIS IS ONLY FOR JIMMY TO SEE!
FOR RENT
YIPES! IT'S LIKE A CRAZY DREAM-- BUT I'M WIDE AWAKE! IS THERE SOME LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR ALL THIS?... I HOPE?... GULP!
FOR RENT

CROSSING THE PARK, JIMMY FORMS A SHREWD THEORY...
WOW! THAT LOOKS LIKE A BIG SPARKLING DIAMOND! HMM... BUT I CAN GUESS WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT!
AH, I KNEW IT! IT LOST ITS SPARKLE, LIKE AN ORDINARY DULL STONE! ONE PERSON COULD MAKE SUCH ODD THINGS HAPPEN, EASILY ENOUGH!

NOW THAT OLD CANNON IS ROLLING UPHILL BY ITSELF! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, DEFYING THE LAW OF GRAVITY! SOMEBODY IS DEFINITELY PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!
AND THAT "SOMEBODY" CAN ONLY BE SUPERMAN OF COURSE! I'LL CALL HIM HERE WITH MY SECRET SUPERMAN SIGNAL AND MAKE HIM CONFESS!
SUPERMAN ANSWERS, PRETENDING TO COME FROM A DISTANCE...
IF I IGNORED THE SIGNAL, JIMMY WOULD BE SUSPICIOUS!
ANYTHING WRONG, JIMMY?
OH, DON'T ACT SO INNOCENT, SUPERMAN! YOU PULLED THOSE PRACTICAL JOKES ON ME--I'LL PROVE IT EASILY!
FOR INSTANCE, YOU TRAINED YOUR X-RAY VISION ON THAT DULL STONE AND MADE IT SPARKLE LIKE A DIAMOND!
AND IT WAS YOUR SUPER-BREATH THAT BLEW THE CANNON UPHILL!
HA, HA! THAT'S HOW YOU PULLED THOSE TRICKS ON ME, EH, SUPERMAN? TELL ME THE TRUTH-- I CAN TAKE A JOKE!
BUT YOU'RE WRONG, JIMMY! I DID NOT DO WHAT YOU SAID!
IS SUPERMAN DELIBERATELY TELLING A LIE?
I ANSWERED JIMMY TRUTHFULLY! HE ONLY ASKED ME ABOUT THE LAST TWO TRICKS! I DIDN'T USE MY X-RAY VISION ON THE STONE... INSTEAD...
BLOWING THOSE SAND PARTICLES WITH MY SUPER-BREATH, I CREATED A "SAND BLAST" WHICH CAUSED FIERY SPARKS TO LEAP FROM THE STONE, LIKE A "SPARKLING" DIAMOND!


"NOR DID I MAKE THE CANNON ROLL UPHILL WITH SUPER-BREATH..."
I DELIBERATELY AVOIDED DOING THE TRICKS THE OBVIOUS WAY--TO BAFFLE JIMMY AND GIVE HIM A TRUTHFUL "NO" WHEN HE ACCUSED ME! JIMMY MUST NOT SUSPECT THAT I HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE AMAZING "ILLUSIONS"!

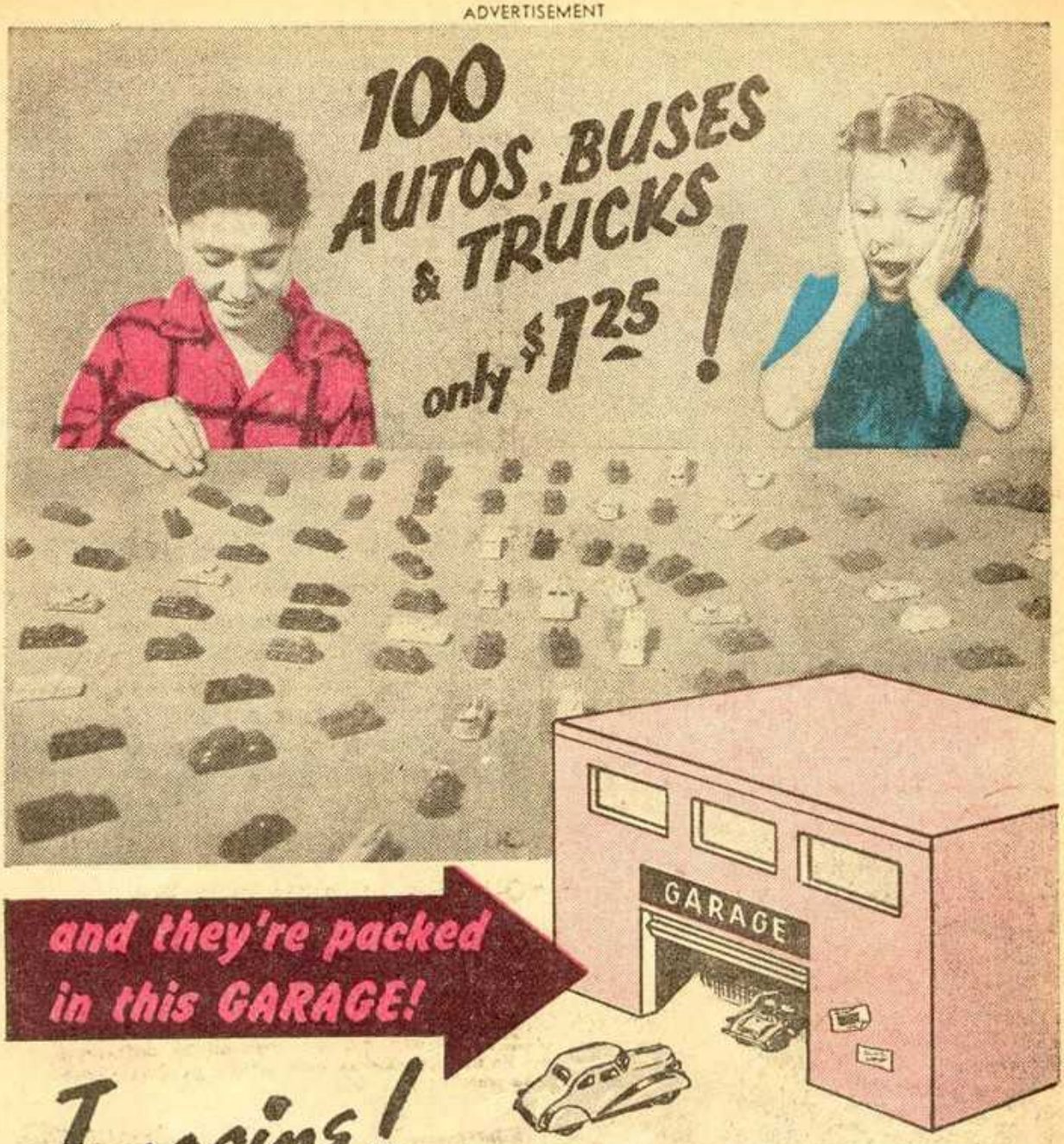
BUT WHY IN THE WORLD ARE YOU MAKING A FOOL OF JIMMY, SUPERMAN?
NOW THE BIGGEST JOLT OF ALL FOR JIMMY! I HAD THIS DUMMY HIDDEN NEARBY, AND WHISKED IT OUT! IT WILL SPEAK VIA SUPER VENTRILOQUISM...
APPARENTLY YOU JUST IMAGINED THOSE QUEER THINGS, JIMMY!
OH, NO!... (GASP!)...NOW I SEE TWO SUPERMEN!
TWO OF ME? HOW SILLY CAN YOU GET, JIMMY?
THERE'S ONLY ONE OF ME HERE--AS ALWAYS BEFORE!

AFTER SUPERMAN HURLS THE DUMMY AWAY AT SUPER-SPEED...
IF YOU STILL SEE TWO OF ME FLYING AWAY, JIMMY, YOU'D BETTER SEE A DOCTOR!
GOSH! ONLY ONE SUPERMAN AGAIN!
WHY ARE YOU GIVING JIMMY SUCH A BAD TIME, SUPERMAN?
MAYBE I--I'D BETTER SEE A DOCTOR, AFTER I CHECK IN AT THE OFFICE!
POOR JIMMY! I HATE TO DO THIS TO HIM--BUT IT'S FOR A MORE IMPORTANT REASON THAN HE COULD EVER GUESS! I'LL APPEAR AT THE OFFICE AS CLARK KENT NOW!
DAILY PLANET

AT THE OFFICE, JIMMY FORGETS HIS TROUBLES AS EXCITEMENT SEIZES HIM...
GEE, I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THIS DARK CAMERA I LOCKED UP FOR THE NIGHT! I'LL DEVELOP THE FILM NOW IN THE DARKROOM!
PRIVATE PROPERTY J. OLSEN
THE INVENTOR OF THIS NEW CAMERA CLAIMED IT COULD TAKE PICTURES IN THE DARK! IT HAS LEAD LINING TO PREVENT STRAY X-RAYS FROM RUINING THE SUPER-SENSITIVE FILM INSIDE!
LAST NIGHT, CLARK KENT AND I CAME UPON A WAREHOUSE ROBBERY! CLARK RAN FOR THE POLICE BUT THEN SUPERMAN CAME ALONG AND I GOT SHOTS OF HIM BATTLING CROOKS IN THE DARK... I HOPE!
IT WORKED! NO ORDINARY CAMERA COULD GET THESE SHOTS WITHOUT LIGHT! BUT WAIT-- WHAT'S THAT FIRST SNAP?
HOLY SMOKES! WHY, IT SHOWS CLARK KENT CHANGING INTO SUPERMAN! BY ACCIDENT, I STUMBLED ON HIS BIG SECRET! SUPER DUPER! WAIT'LL I SHOW THIS TO CLARK!
JIMMY WAITS TILL NO ONE ELSE IS WITHIN EARSHOT AND THEN...
THIS PICTURE PROVES YOU'RE SUPERMAN! DON'T TRY TO COVER UP WITH SOME LAME EXCUSE, CLARK!
WHY SHOULD I DENY IT, JIMMY? LOOK--MY SUPERMAN COSTUME!

WHAT'S THIS? YOU ARE OPENLY ADMITTING IT, SUPERMAN?
I MAY AS WELL CHANGE COMPLETELY NOW-- AS I PROMISED TO HELP A TOWN THAT WAS HALF-BURIED BY A SANDSTORM YESTERDAY!
TAKE ME WITH YOU! IT'S MY "PRICE" FOR SILENCE, MR. CLARK SUPERMAN KENT!
BUT I WARN YOU, JIMMY-- IT'S GOING TO BE A ROUGH EXPERIENCE!
NEVER MIND, SUPERMAN! I WANT THE SUPER THRILL OF SHARING YOUR EXPLOIT FROM BEGINNING TO END!
TO CLEAR THE STREETS OF SAND, I'LL WHIRL LIKE A SUPER FAN! HANG ON, JIMMY! YOU ASKED FOR IT!
I--I'M GETTING DIZZY! OHHHHH-H-H!
WHEN THEY REACH THE BURIED TOWN, JIMMY GETS MORE THRILLS THAN HE BARGAINED FOR!
BUS DEPOT
CORN
WHEN THE JOB IS DONE...
I PURPOSELY USED SUPER WHIRLING INSTEAD OF SUPER-BREATH! JIMMY'S SO DIZZY, HE WON'T SEE OR THINK STRAIGHT FOR AN HOUR! NOW TO PUT HIM TO BED AT HOME AS IF HE OVERSLEPT!
THE--THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS WHIRLING! WHERE AM I? OH-H-H!
CAN YOU GUESS NOW, WHY SUPERMAN DID ALL THIS?
LAST NIGHT, WHEN CLARK AND JIMMY CAME UPON THE ROBBERY, I MADE THE USUAL EXCUSE TO GET AWAY AND CHANGE...
I'LL... ER... BRING POLICE, JIMMY! YOU CAN STAY AND TAKE SNAPS OF THE CRIME SCENE WITH THAT NEW DARK CAMERA!
WAREHO FUR STORA
7

"BUT AS I CHANGED NEAR JIMMY, THINKING DARKNESS CONCEALED ME..."
CLICK
GREAT SCOTT! JIMMY ACCIDENTALLY POINTED THE DARK CAMERA THIS WAY! HE CAN'T SEE ANYTHING, BUT THE DEVELOPED PICTURE WILL GIVE ME AWAY!
AT JIMMY'S APARTMENT, LATER...
THE CAMERA'S LEAD LINING PREVENTED ME FROM FOGGING THE FILM WITH MY X-RAY VISION--AND THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD PREVENT HIM FROM DEVELOPING THOSE PICTURES. NOW FOR THE FINAL CLINCHER IN MY PLAN...
WAKE UP, JIMMY!
HUH? HOW DID I--I GET HOME IN BED?
SOON... DID YOU OVERSLEEP, JIMMY? CLARK SENT ME TO RUSH YOU TO THE OFFICE, TO DEVELOP THAT DARK CAMERA FILM!
BUT I--I ALREADY DEVELOPED IT! AND ONE PICTURE GIVES AWAY YOUR IDENTITY, SUPERMAN--AS CLARK KENT!
HA, HA! SHOW ME THAT PICTURE, JIMMY!
I REPLACED HIS FILMS WITH BLANK NEGATIVES!
OMIGOSH! NOTHING BUT BLANK FILM! NOW I SEE THE TRUTH...
THOSE TEN EGGS--STRIPED LAMPPOST--AND ALL THE REST WERE THE TYPICAL CRAZY THINGS THAT HAPPEN ONLY IN A--A DREAM!
IT WAS HARD WORK BRINGING JIMMY TO THAT CONCLUSION! I DESTROYED THE DAMAGING PHOTO--MY SECRET IS SAFE!
WHEW
LATER, JIMMY RECOUNTS HIS AMUSING "DREAM" TO CLARK KENT...
ISN'T IT A LAUGH, CLARK? HA, HA! I "DISCOVERED" THAT YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE, WERE SUPERMAN! WHAT A CRAZY DREAM!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, JIMMY?
THE END
8



and they're packed in this GARAGE!

Imagine!

100 plastic autos, buses and trucks for only $1.25! Be the first in your crowd to get this BIG collection. Become an owner of this great fleet of cars. Hours of play and pleasure! Comes packed in a garage! LOADS OF FUN!

rush!

NO C.O.D.'s

LUCKY PRODUCTS, DEPT. NC-6A
Carle Place, L. I., N. Y.

Here's my $1.25 . . . rush 100 autos, busses and trucks to me!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35c each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25c for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP $2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP $3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP $4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO ⇨

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Up to a $10 Portrait Studio Value Only $1.

Any Photo Copied 20 BILLFOLD PHOTOS $1 Sent on Approval

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